

My Day
by Douglas Richardson

Pop of the speakers when the electricity hits the magnets. Soft music playing. I reach over and hit the snooze, even though I'm not all that tired. I'd rather put off going to work because I hate what I do. It's very boring. Doesn't feel important in anyway. Thinking about it makes my life feel meaningless. Sleep. I'll just sleep a little more. It won't hurt anyone if I don't show up on time; especially since I'm the first one there in the morning. No one will miss me at all.

After the third snooze it's time to get up. It isn't hard getting ready since I'm not tired, just unmotivated. The hot shower relaxes my back; it's usually stiff in the morning. After my shower I do a two position back stretch that make me look like a frightened cat in one position and a climaxing man in the other. I usually top off the stretches with a few back raises and push-ups. This morning I decide to skip that part of the routine.

Now it's time to select my work attire. Will it be olive green corduroy, tan corduroy, or brown corduroy. Sometimes the selection is overwhelming so I default to the cargo pants. Now for a shirt. Complementary colors are best, so I select my orange WTF? shirt to complement my blue cargo pants. Now add Birkenstocks with socks and my programmer's uniform is complete.

For breakfast I select Gorilla Munchies. Strong enough for a man, but made for small children. Fat free milk completes my breakfast. While I'm in the kitchen, I quickly gather anything that is immediately edible for lunch. Items selected usually include hard boiled eggs, left overs conveniently wrapped on a small plate, string cheese, cookie dough, and fruit.

After a perfunctory brushing, my breath is bearable and I'm ready to go. A quick kiss for the wife, and daughter should she be in our bed, and I'm off. Pat, pat, pat. One for the cell phone, one for the keys, and one for the wallet. All there. Grab lunch. Let's go.

On my way to the car I give an occasional "morning" or "hello". When I reach the car, a green four cylinder rice rocket stick know simply as the Tercel, I immediately turn on KNX1070 for a traffic report before I enter the freeway. I have two options to get to Irvine. Without traffic, one is ten minutes faster than the other, so I usually opt for the fast. Sig alerts are the only mind changer.

By the time the traffic report has aired I'm usually on the freeway. I generally drive in the fast lane at about 75-80 miles per hour. The Tercel handles these high speeds like a dream. Every bump in the road is transferred from the rubber of the tires all the way to the steering wheel. This feedback gives me a very accurate view of the road. Additionally, the Tercel lets me know when I'm going too fast by emulating the sensation of the wheels falling off.

After 40 minutes, 50 if I leave later than 6:30, I'm at work. I park in one of my usual spots. Grab my lunch, whip out my card key, and open the front door. Then I go up stairs, deposit lunch items in the fridge that require cooling, and head for my cube.

My cube is plain. I keep messes off it as much as possible. There are pictures of my family, two computer monitors, four computers, and desk space on three sides. On the wall entering my cube is an excerpt of the Tao of Programming, lest anyone think I am young and unwise.